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Domestic Miscellany.

From the American Monthly Magazine, for August.

THE CRUISE OF THE MOHAWK.

BY JACK BLOCK, ESQ., U. S. N.

It was on a cold November afternoon, that Charley Burton was pacing the quarter-deck of the United States ship Mohawk, lying in Wallabout bay, revolving in his mind the probabilities of promotion, prize money, etc. Now and then his meditations were broken by the plentiful drops of rain, shed by some thick cloud that seemed no higher than the mast-head, which, as it passed over, was succeeded by the light melancholy drizzling, known to sailors as Scotch mist. The appearance of the ship was in conformity with the weather. The topgallant-masts were pointed, ready for fiddling, and the dark wet rigging hung in ungraceful bights over the mast-head, dripping wet. The head rigging was not set up, the decks were encumbered with booms, spars, casks, rigging, &c., the guns were run fore-and-aft, a range of cable overhauled along the deck, the main-yard half-rigged, setting on casks and projecting over the nettings, the remainder of the yards a cock-bill, and the whole ship a picture of discomfort. The sentries, in their gray cloaks walking their weary posts, with each a bayonet dangling from his hand:—the quartermaster, standing on the taffelief wiping the accumulated moisture from his glass, and then peering through the mist at every thing that bore semblance of a boat, saving the black launch that lay moored on the quarter with its gang of water-casks on board;—and Burton, the officer of the deck, walking the starboard side of it, wrapped up in an old pea-jacket, and only to be distinguished as an officer, by his station, and his glazed cap with its naval button. Ever and anon the lifting mist would give glimpses of the city of New York, with its forests of masts, and then throwing its dim curtain again over all, would leave nothing for the eye to rest upon, but the thick fog and the half-dismantled ship.

Presently the sound of oars was heard and the quartermaster reported the third cutter, coming along side with the master. "Very well, two side-boys, and a boatswain's mate." The side was piped, and the officer came over it.

"Returned on board, Mr. Burton."

"Very good, sir; do you want the boat any longer?"

"No sir; just send the sextant-box down into the ward-room, if you please."

"Ay, ay, sir; coxwain, bring up that sextant-box, and let them drop the boat astern; you need not leave a boat-keeper in her."

"Any news on shore, Mr. Fake?"

"Yes, sir, they say we shall sail next week. A schooner arrived from Norfolk, with the remainder of our complement of men and marines, and the skipper is expected, every day, with sailing orders in his pocket, and to-morrow we shall be at it, getting every thing aboard, and all a taunto. Carry that down in my room, coxwain. How did she swing, Mr. Burton?"

"Open hawse, sir; I got a boat out to help her round."

"Very good, sir, I'll go below; we'll get the jib and sparker bent, to-morrow, and see if we can't keep a clear hawse, without using the boats for it." And down popped the sailingmaster.

"A shore-boat coming alongside, with two young gentlemen, sir," reported the quartermaster. "Very good," and Mr. Burton jumped on a gun, to see who they might be. They were stranger middies. One, a lad apparently about fourteen, delicately made, with a good figure, was in a neat undress uniform, seated in the stern sheets, apparently annoyed at the forwardness of his companion, a tall, raw-boned youth, about three years older, who was standing up, declaiming vehemently at the boatman. He wore a blue coat with long swallow tails, reaching below his knees, with a profusion of buttons, a band of gold lace on the collar, as broad as the stripes of a frigate's ensign, his head was overshadowed by a cocked-hat, as large as a birch canoe, and at his side he wore a broadsword, that might have served Richard Coeur de Lion, but was much too heavy for the use of any modern knight. His form gave promise of great future strength, but all his limbs seemed yet too loose in their sockets.

"What's the damage?" exclaimed he, as the boat came alongside.

"Sir?" said the boatman.

"Why, what's to pay?"

"A dollar, sir."

"Well, here's my fifty cents, but I guess I'll make a bargain a forehand, next time;" and he scampered up the side as awkwardly as a bear. "I'd jest as leefs climb a tree," he exclaimed, looking back. The younger officer paid his quota and followed him. Burton touched his hat; the younger answered the salute, but the elder strode up without ceremony, and exclaimed, "Be you capt'ing?"

"I am not, sir."

"Is the capt'ing to hum?"

"The captain has not yet joined the ship, sir; Mr. Early is the commanding officer."

"I wonder if he is?"

"I suppose, gentlemen, you have come on board to join the ship."

"I spect we be," said the elder, the younger bowed.

"If you'll give me your names, gentlemen, I'll let Mr. Early know you are here."

"My name," said long-splice, "is Selinus Coffin Swain. My uncle, is Capt'ing Coffin, of the Marthy Jane, whaler; likely you know him?"

"I haven't the pleasure, sir."

"No pleasure, I tell you, he's rough as a shag-barked hickory."

"Your name, sir," turning to the younger.

"Mr. Meryton, sir?" slurring the Mr. a little, as if rather afraid of its being a title he had no right to.

"Quartermaster, let Mr. Early know that Mr. Meryton and Mr. Swain are waiting to report."

"Well, gentlemen," said Burton, endeavoring to relieve the natural awkwardness of the strangers, "you are about to join a very fine craft, perhaps as fine a one as there is in the service."

"I spect not," exclaimed Swain, "I seen a bigger one out back, yonder."

"Oh, that is the United States."

"Likely—for she's as big as all-out-doors and up chamber too."

Burton looked at his new shipmate as who should say, "here will we sport my masters, presently," and was going apparently, to continue the dialogue, when he observed the face of his young companion glowing

with shame and feelings of great mortification, that Burton's good nature revolted against increasing it.—He said no more, and a moment after the quartermaster returned, and said that the first lieutenant would be happy to see the young gentlemen in the ward-room. Burton drew near the hatch, as they decended to hear the interview between them and his superior officer.

"Mr. Meryton," said Mr. Early as they entered—the young gentlemen bowed—"Mr Swain."

"That's my name," was the rejoinder of the accomplished young man, in a tone that made the ward-room ring.

"Sit down gentlemen—happy to see you on board. Take a glass of wine, gentlemen. Clean glasses, steward. Friends all well, gentlemen—Mr Fake, our Master, gentlemen."

"My respects to you, gentlemen, and I hope you'll have a pleasant cruise together."

"Show me your orders, if you please—Don't you drink your wine, Mr. Swain?"

"No occasion, sir," was the reply, "but I thank you jest as much as though I did."

Mr. Meryton handed his letter, to the secretary, and the other took from his hat a confused mass of papers and letters, commenced assorting them, observing that he had as many friends as a Feladelpy lawyer.—"Here, sir," said he, selecting some three or four, including his parchment warrant and a letter to his captain, "I guess there's the hull that has any bearing."

The lieutenant smiled, and after looking them over, returned them, observing that the letter was addreses to the commander. It would be proper for Mr. Swain to deliver it to him.

"Well, I didn't know, but I thought likely you was a kind of partner of his'n and read his letters. Uncle Coffin's mate reads his'n, when he aint to hum."

The lieutenant smiled again, and telling the two young men that there would be no occasion for their services, for some days advised them to watch their brother officers, and learn as much of their duty as possible. "We will soon be at sea," he continued "and shall probably be upon very active service, and then you will have every opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of your duties. Allow me now to introduce you to your shipmates." He then conducted them through the ward-room into the steerage, and introducing them to the knot of us there assembled, left them to pass through the usual ordeal of quizzes and practical jokes that then were the gentleman-ushers to a midshipman's reception in the service.

In the centre of an apartment about seven feet six inches long, by six feet wide, exclusive of the narrow berths, and perhaps five feet high, stood a small greasy deal table, upon which were carved the initials of many a reefer with those of his ladylove, fancifully adorned with the resemblance of a true-love knot, sat three or four midshipmen. By the light of a dip candle you might distinguish a kid (i.e. a churn in miniature, with a handle to it,) with three or four tin pots, some hard bread, an earthen sugar-bowl with brown sugar, in which stood a large iron spoon, one or two dirks, a Hamilton moose, (the seaman's vade mecum,) and a gunter's scale. In one corner sat a greasy steerage boy in duck frock and trowsers, who acted as cook, waiter, and valet de chambre to the steerage worthies, employed in cutting up onions and potatoes, to prepare a lobscouse for the evening meal. Overhead there were stuck in beackets, dirks, pistols, and cutlasses, small-swords, quadrants, and cocked hats. In an avenue between this and a similar apartment on the other side of the vessel, hung a large bundle of unblackened boots, that might well have passed for the stock in trade of a cobbler, set off by divers strings of onions, and two or three savory codfish. On one side of this passage, appropriately called boot alley, stood a small locker, or closet, containing the furniture and provisions of the mess, and on the other, were the pumps, from which proceeded a strong smell of bilge water, mixing its savor with that of the onions and codfish. The berths were overfilled with hammocks, which are in wet weather stowed below, and on the

clothes-lockers rested sundry wet pea-jackets, the steam of which, was sensible to smell, if not to sight.

The young men who sat round the table were in undress round-jackets, with their tarpaulin hats on their heads, wearing them apparently because there was no convenient place to stow them away. Their black silk handkerchiefs were carelessly knotted round their necks, and their linen appeared to have been donned some preceding week, but which of the fifty-two it might have been hard to tell.

The new officers were politely received, and room made for them at the table. After it had been ascertained that they had neither been at sea, nor even on board of a man-of-war before, one of the officers hailed the mess-boy with, "You shark, go and ask the caterer if he won't step into the steerage—you'll find him snoozing in the gunner's room." The boy dropped his knife, and scuttled along the berth-deck. In a few minutes he reappeared, preceded by a weather-beaten man of about twenty-six years of age, but whose word would not have been doubted had he said he was some half dozen years older. He rolled into the steerage apparently half asleep, growling out—

"What is the matter now, youngsters; it is not supper-time yet, and what the devil do you want with the caterer?"

"Why, old man, you needn't blow like a porpoise, we want to introduce you to a couple of new shipmates, Mr. Meryton, Mr. Swain, Mr. Dill."

"Humph," said old John, as he held out his flipper, "glad to see you, gentlemen—steerage not quite shipshape at present—overhauling ship, you see; but when we once get under way, get things shipshape, you know." Then looking towards the old ones—"Just caught, eh? fresh as an oyster—boy, give me some grog."

He then took a nip, and then one of the officers asked him if he couldn't give the gentlemen a little of the old Madeira.

"Why, I suppose so, best," was the reply; "but you see, young gentlemen, it's against rules generally; because, as we have to live on our pay and our prize money, and what little manavolans we can pick up about decks, the regulation is, that we only drink wine on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturday nights, and Sundays, you know; but on such occasions as drinking to a new shipmate, I think it's best not to keep too tight a weather-helm. So here, you slapjack-slinging-son-of-a-sea-cock, look into the lee pantaloons-pocket of my best monkey-jacket, and find the key of the wine cellar, and take all the afterward down with you, and bring up two dozen bottles of red seal Madeira, you porpoise."

Away went the boy, and Tom walked to the mess-locker, opened the door, revealing some shelves adorned with crockery that showed divers cracks meandering in long black lines through a greasy white ground—tin pots, cans, and kids, &c. After a moment's examination he closed it, and turning to the new comers with a mortified look, apologized for the want of glasses.

"You see, gentlemen, we all got a little sprung last night—two sheets in the wind, and the third shaking. Well, as the first lieutenant had his beer aboard too, he couldn't row as much, you know: so what does the reefer-rowing, all-hands-calling, trumpet carrying, son of a gun do, but come down and arrest all the wine glasses and tumblers, and clap 'em in the brig, and there they are, under the sentry's charge, looking, as melancholy as empty grog bottles the morning after a blow out. Well, and where's the wine," turning to the boy, who came back empty handed as might have been expected, considering there was no more wine belonging to the mess than there was cellar to the ship.

"The captain of the mizen-top says," replied the boy, "that he has orders from the captain of the head, that no combustibles are to be carried about the hold while the magazine is open, and he opened it about five minutes ago."

"Blast the luck," said Tom, "and a—n a negro whitewashed! Well, gentlemen, we'll have a little punch, and that will go about as well. What do you say, Mr. Meryton?"

"Thank you sir, but I never drink punch, and I should prefer following the lieutenant's advice, and seeing how the duty is done."

"Duty!" replied Tom, "why this is duty, man—

it's all duty; this is splicing the main-brace and freshening the nip, and taking a pull at the halyards, and bousing up your rigging, you see—and the devil may tell what all, you know. But what do you say to it, Mr. Swain?"

"Well," responded Varmount, "so far as regards sweetened liquor, I haint no objection, but wine don't find no great call on the Green Mountings. But I want to know if you all live and sleep in this tarnal little room; cause if you do, I guess I'll take my rifle and camp out up stairs, to-night."

"Hurra! Green Mounting," exclaimed Tom. "Well, there's some pluck in you about grog; but as for your turning in, or camping out as you call it, why you've got to learn that you must do just as you're told; and if the skipper says turn in with your head in a bucket of water, you've got to do it, and no grumbling. You're like a young bear, yet all your troubles are to come. And the same with you, my band-box-looking chap," turning to Meryton, "but you'd better try the grog, for it's what you've got to come to, before you've seen the storm stay-sails bent half a dozen times."

Meryton again refused. I had then been but one cruise at sea, but it had been a tough one, as old Tom had been my chief tutor; remembering, however, the hard apprenticeship I had passed, and pitying the poor boy, who had evidently been unused either to hardship or hard living, and was shocked and astonished at what he saw and heard, I resolved to relieve him from the tricks and jokes that were in preparation, so I asked him to walk on deck with me. He accepted the invitation eagerly, and we joined Burton on the quarter-deck.

"Mr. Meryton," said I, after a turn or two, "have you been long acquainted with Mr. Swain? The young man's eyes sparkled with pleasure as he eagerly denied any acquaintance at all. Mr. Swain had asked him, as he stepped into a shore-boat, whether he was going on board the Mohawk, and upon his answering in the affirmative, jumped into the boat, saying they might as well go on board together. I had supposed their acquaintance had commenced in some such way, and knowing how unpleasant it is to be suspected of an intimacy with a vulgar, an ignorant, or an ill-dressed man, put the question relative to him. Men in general do not feel much ashamed of having been acquainted with villains, because it only argues want of penetration or little knowledge of character, but an intimacy with the ignorant or vulgar always carries with it a fear, and almost a consciousness of being of their stamp.

"Burton," said I, "I think you and I had better enter into a league to protect Mr. Meryton against the run that is going on below; he is too delicate and young for horse-play, and they are raising a devil below, that won't be laid short of more pranks than will be good for the Green Mountaineer, and that will amount to more than Mr. Meryton either can or ought to bear."

"Well, Block, I came to that conclusion some time ago; but Mr. Meryton must understand us, and be guided by us, and not mention one word of what we tell him to Vermont. Are you willing to agree to our terms, Mr. Meryton? If you are, we will save you from some unpleasant adventures."

"If I am required to do nothing improper or ungentlemanly," replied the young man, "I certainly shall be very happy to do so."

"We would never advise you, sir, to do either the one or the other. But we will explain to you. The characters those gentlemen below are now assuming are entirely foreign to them: they are all officer-like and gentlemanly young men, with the exception of old Tom, who is, perhaps, too rough for any parlor; he is, however, an excellent officer and a good hearted man; but having been brought up in the merchant service, and knocked about the world, ever since he came into it, he is as rough as a bear, although a good hearted and kind man. Well, sir, these gentlemen are preparing numerous tricks for you and your companion, and although perhaps the *joco di mano e joco villano*, still I confess I have been long enough on salt water to enjoy the kind of sea wit you are about to see. You we will rescue from it, but you must not say a word to your companion, he is as fair a subject for it as ever put his foot on board of one of Uncle Sam's craft, and neither you nor we could save him if we would, therefore all warning would be thrown away upon him.

All that you have to do is to remain perfectly silent, (for which, as the Frenchman says, I see that now, at least, you have a very great talent,) assent to all you hear, and believe nothing. After this night, you will see your shipmates in another, and more pleasant light. Will you do this?"

"Certainly, sir, and be very much obliged to you both, gentlemen."

We spoke to Tom and the others, and induced them to agree to the release of one victim. For further safety, we advised him to keep the first watch, and put him under the care of another midshipman.

Burton was relieved, and we went below, leaving our young friend, to whom I passed my pea-jacket and tarpaulin hat. Every thing was in readiness, and all hands busy teaching Varmount his profession. A hammock was slung, and old Tom placing one arm in it, threw himself directly in.

"Now, sir, that is the first thing you must learn to do, for this is where you are to sleep."

"I want to know! am I got to sleep in such a bag? What for? can't I sleep in one of them," pointing to the berths.

"You'll be allowed to sleep there, after you have learned to sleep in a hammock."

The young man placed his arm in the position he had seen, and made a spring, but instead of throwing his body into the hammock, he threw his head up against the beam with very considerable violence.

"Streaked lightning!" he exclaimed, rubbing his forehead, "I seen more stars than ever there was in heaven, a tarnal sight. That made the fire fly, I tell you."

"Try it again!" was the general cry, "and hold your head well over the hammock."

"Drink this first," said Tom, handing him a pot of punch. He drank it, and prepared for a second trial. After one or two false starts, he made a jump, but his head being well over, he passed through, between the deck overboard and the hammock, and pitched head down on the berth-deck, and heels against the bulkhead. One half encouraged him to continue his attempts, and the other half dissuaded him, declaring it as their opinion that, although it was the easiest thing in the world, (and each carelessly performed the feat,) he would never be able to accomplish it. Varmount's blood got up, and he swore by the whole list of tarnations, jingos, and gauldarn-its, that he would do it. Many were his unsuccessful attempts, but the encouragement and commiseration was so judiciously thrown in, and the punch so properly administered, that he never rested until the feat was accomplished.

Mighty was his exultation, and great were the congratulations he received. He was pronounced a first rater, and it was confidently prophesied that he would make a better seaman than ever stood in his mother's shoes. Tom gave him a slap over his bruised head, and shook hands with him, giving him a grip like the squeeze of a blacksmith's vice. The pots were filled, he was told to give a sentiment. Whether the concussions he had received had knocked his head into confusion, or whether he did not know how to give a toast, it is hard to tell; but after a good many "feller's here's"—out it bolted—"here's luck."

By this time the liquor had made innovation on his brain, and after a short sham consultation, he was informed by Tom, all the rest keeping perfect silence, that it was usual to play some trick on every one who first came on board, but that as he had done so well, he would be let off; yet, as we could not lose the sport, after all hands had turned in, he must let down the youngster that came with him by the head, and so save his own bacon. To this he agreed. He was then shown the string by which the hammocks were tied up, and it was explained to him that young Meryton's would be placed in his hand, and that soon after the lights were put out, he was to let it go, and down the young man would come.

"Up to it in a minute," he exclaimed, "do it quicker than a streak. Two young bears with sore heads—by lightning," rubbing his own noddle, "that beats Varmount."

At nine o'clock the hammocks were slung, and after depositing Meryton in his, the end of the Vermonter's lanyard was passed through the batten that upheld Meryton's, and placed in its own clue. The Vermonter was allowed a camp stool to assist him in getting

in, and after all had retired the lights were extinguished.

A few minutes elapsed, when the Vermonter gave the jerk, but instead of Meryton's coming down, he only launched himself. Immediately the whole steerage was up.

"Sergeant fetch a light!" "Not hurt, I hope, Mr. Meryton!" "No harm done, is there?" "Mr. Meryton, has your hammock come down?" But Vermont saw through, or perhaps I should say, felt through it, for after a peal of laughter he exclaimed—

"No, by lightning, sore-head bear down!" and again he renewed his laughter. A light was brought, his hammock reslung, and he was promised that no further trick should be played upon him. The promise was meant seriously, but the whole affair had made its way instantaneously through the good-natured fellow's battered brain, and promises were of no avail. His answer to every thing was—

"No, no, bear's head sore enough!" and at the end of each answer he gave a laugh, that proved if he bore all the pain, he bore likewise a full share of the mirth. He stretched his long limbs upon the locker, and the last thing that I heard as I fell asleep, was, "By lightning!" and then his mountain laugh.

The next day we received our Captain, and orders to fit out and sail immediately; of course there was no time for further mirth or tricks; and duty, promotion, and prize money occupied all our thoughts. We had a daring captain and a picked crew, and a fat prize, or a fine sloop of war, a little larger than our own, was all we desired to meet.

[From "Ship and Shore."]

We did not reach Catania till a late hour of the morning. Here we took thirteen mules—five as substitutes for our own legs—five as sumpters—and three for the accommodation of the guide and muleteers. Thus equipped, with provisions for three days, and with great coats and blankets sufficient to protect us in a region of ice, we started a little before mid-day for the top of Etna. We were determined to see the next sun rise from the summit of that mount.

Our road lay for fifteen miles, among the rugged reefs of lava, disgorged in the last eruption. Every thing around had the appearance of a vast lake, tumbled in a storm, and suddenly changed to solid blackness. The sides of the mountain, as we approached it, presented features of a still bolder fierceness. The huge rock, the toppling crag, the protruding bluff, stood forth in frightful wildness from the channels and chasms which past torrents of fire had let behind. The summit, with its cloud of smoke and shading cone, crowned the whole with a dark befitting terror.

At sunset, having reached the verge of the woody zone, we alighted for rest and refreshment. We here changed our summer apparel for that of winter; the great coats which had been put on our sumpters by our trusty guide—and which we should wholly have neglected—were now in eager requisition. Thus protected, and with spirits and strength renovated by the repast, we mounted again and renewed the ascent. Daylight had gone, but the sky was clear, and the light of the stars was sufficient for our practised guide. Our mules were surefooted, and we had only to relinquish ourselves to their superior sagacity.

At a little before midnight, while approaching the foot of the great cone, where we were to part with our faithful animals, and where indeed we were to wait for the break of day, things began to wear a fearful change. Frequent clouds swept past us; but there was one at some distance which seemed more stationary—gathering in bulk and blackness. Our guide anxiously watched it, as it collected its strength and threw out its snagged flakes, and quickly leading the way up a steep ledge, called vehemently upon us to follow. We had only gained the ridge when the tempest came. It appeared to me to be the last position one should seek under the torrado which now swept us, for we were obliged instantly to dismount and hold on to the sharp points of the rock. Our mules placed themselves instinctively in a posture presenting the least resistance to the rushing element. It was soon apparent why our guide had taken refuge on this unsheltered steep; for, as the cloud struck the side of the mountain, its enfolded lake descended in deluge and thunder. Rocks and large masses of ice, disengaged by its violence,

rolled down on each side of us and over the very track on which we were moving but a few moments before. Though separated from each other but a few feet, yet no one could make himself heard; the torrents around and the thunder above overpowered even the loudly vociferated admonitions of our guide. There was at one moment a darkness that might be felt, and then at another the lightning, flashing down through the rifts of the cloud, would make the slightest pebble visible in its searching light. An hour of these dread alterations, while torrents and rocks were rolling on each side of us—and the storm went past. We were drenched to the skin, while our outer garments began to be stiff with the ice, yet with a shivering accent, we could speak to each other once more. It was the language of one spirit rallying and animating another. Captain Read, with the characteristic energy, was the first to mount.

Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum.

The reader, without undergoing our fatigue, or being wearied with a detail of incident, will now conceive us about two thousand feet above the point where we had encountered the storm—in a substantial shelter at the foot of the great cone—around a grate of coal, which we had brought with us from Catania—warming our fingers—snapping the ice out of our coats—toast Etna in a bumper of its own wine—and watching for the break of day. That hour comes: and now let him take his stand with us on the highest point of the cone, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and imagine the whole island of Sicily with its peaks and glens, its torrents and valleys, its towns and forests, with the broken line of its bold shores stretched beneath in one vast panoramic view—the sun, wheeling up out of the distant sea—the heavens flushed with its splendor—the mountain pinnacles burning in its beam—the great cone shaking with the throes of the unresisting element within—the crater sending up its volumes of steep cloud—and the central lake of fire flashing up through the darkness, like terrific glimpses of the bottomless abyss! But the reality overpowers all description! I drop my pen, and half accuse myself of rashness in having made even this brief attempt.

We effected the descent without any serious injury, though I had myself rather a narrow escape. My mule made a misstep—the only fault of the kind he had committed during the excursion. I fell over his head, and turned many somersets; on looking back, I saw my mule standing on the verge of the slope, and disregarding every thing else, directing his anxious look to me. There was sorrow and self-accusation in that look—I forgave him. Beckoning to him, he came down, snuffed about my mangled hat, and when I remounted, pricked up his ears, and started on with the most assured tread.

The Etna fever, which hurried us blindly past all other objects on our way to the mount, having subsided, we determined to defer our return to the ship, and glance at some of the features of Catania. This is a beautiful city, though built upon one vast field of lava, with the dead beneath, a volcano above, and the frightful monuments of the earthquake around. I know not why it is, but some how in this strange world, beauty, danger and death, are always in the same group. The sweetest violet I ever saw, bloomed among wreaths of snow on a sister's grave.

The amphitheatre, where the ancient Catanians held their sports, and where they may have been suddenly engulfed in a flood of fire, stands seventy feet beneath the gay promenade of the present town. This gigantic structure is built itself of lava, and, for aught we can tell, may have been reared over play-houses, entombed in some eruption of a still earlier date. Thus it ever is in this world; on land, the votary of pleasure indulges his mirth over the bones of a perished race; and on the ocean, the mariner lightly hymns his song on a wave, through which have sunk thousands to reappear no more. We present to heaven a picture of life and death, mirth and madness, over which angels might wonder and weep!

Nature often atones for the fierceness of present calamities in the beauty of remote results. The ashes that fall in the burning breath of the volcano nourish plants which are to bloom above those they have buried; and the forest, which now encircles Catania, waves more luxuriantly than the one charred beneath. The vegetable life and bloom which followed the subsiding waters of the great deluge, were not less fresh

and fair, than what had been swept away. But man covers the world with his slain—leaving their flesh to the vultures, their bones to the accents of the last trump, and his own guilt to the disposal of a final Judge.

We visited, while at Catania, the museum of the Prince of Biscari—the largest and most richly stored private cabinet in the world. I pass by the statues of the ancient deities, for time and disaster have been as fatal to their forms as inspiration has to their worship. I pass by the collection of shells, for none, in all their vast variety, has the tone and rainbow beauty of the one through which the mermaid breathed my dying dirge. I pass by the vases which held the wines, and the lamps which lighted the festivities of the ancients; for who would gaze on the nail of the coffin, in which youth and affection have sunk from light and life? I pass by the countless minerals and gems—they shed no rays of such living light as those which beam from the eye of the bright gazelle. I pass by the million of embalmed insects,—others swarm the field and forest, happy in the life which they have lost. I pass by—no I will not—the expressive statue of Cleopatra. The heart throbs beneath its beauty—the eye swims when lifted to that last look of suicidal despair.

Leaving the museum, we encountered a humble Franciscan in his simple attire—his uncovered head and sandals. He presented us with some flowers, and received in his thin pale hand our little charities. Poor pilgrim! what is this world to thee? Thou hast renounced its wealth, its pleasures, its restless spirit of enterprise: thy home is not here—is it in heaven?—art thou indeed going to that better land, where the strife and vanities of earth never come? May the privations of thy lot atone for the mistaken virtues of thy creed.

If I determine to become a monk, I will come here and join the Benedictines. They have a splendid monastery, richly endowed—luxuriant gardens—sumptuous fare—nothing to do—they live like gentlemen. If any one questions the usefulness of such a life, I can only say, let him attend to his own business. What concern is it of his, if, like a silkworm, I wind myself up in my own web? Let him not attempt to wind my house on to his bobbin.

Cicisbeism prevails among the higher classes in Catania. It passes as a pure platonic affection—infringing no marriage obligation—no law of morality—no rule of rigid propriety—merely a chaste friendship—innocent as a new-born babe. It does, to be sure, encourage a peculiar intimacy, and may perhaps diversify the features of the younger members of the family; but what of that? No sentiment of delicacy has been publicly shocked—and no one dies before his time comes—let the exquisite arrangement alone. Never was there a charmer of the bird with so beautiful a skin, so bright an eye, and so venomous a fang! It is the devil himself disguised as an angel of light!

Leaving Catania—the excellent hotel of the attentive Abatti—and travelling the remaining half of the day and the succeeding night, we arrived at Messina at the break of day. The leaves were wet with the dew, and the first rays of the sun were among them.

From the Greenville S. C. Mountaineer.

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENTS.

THE TRAITOR BOY.—The writer has been indebted to his friends for many of the "incidents" which he has given to the public; and among those which have been thus kindly furnished him is the following. It cannot fail to interest the reader on more accounts than one. To see a boy, just able to wield the rifle, engaged in the defence of his country during the American revolution, was no uncommon occurrence. But it was a most extraordinary circumstance to find one, not yet arrived at the age of maturity, fighting on the side of liberty, when his parents and all of his relations were zealous and active partisans on the opposite side:

It may with truth be said, that hundreds and thousands took sides during the American revolution, from accident or interest; whilst it is not to be denied, that the great mass of the people were actuated by principle in their resistance to tyranny and oppression. But it would seem that Jordan Montjoy espoused the cause of his country in the same manner that Sir John Falstaff alleged to have known Prince Hal, in his encounter with the robbers. It was not reason or re-

flection that taught him that right and justice were on the side he took, for he was too young to reason or have reflection on the matter. Nor was he governed in his choice by interest, for this would have prompted him to have taken the side of his father and relations. He must have known by instinct that liberty was the true and lawful inheritance of his countrymen, and that duty required him to forsake father and mother, and cleave unto it with the ardent and insatiable feelings of love.

The parents of Jordon Montjoy were Tories of the deepest dye, and their house was a place of common rendezvous for the "bloody scout," when in Spartanburgh District. All the meetings of the Tories in that part of the country were held there, and their schemes and plans of murder and devastation were there formed and concocted. No Whigs ever visited the house through social intercourse, or deemed it prudent so to do, under any circumstances, unless with a strong escort. Jordon associated with none but the friends of his father, and seldom saw any that were opposed to him; yet he felt a secret partiality for those whom he knew not, and whose principles he never heard mentioned except with execration! He was thought by his friends to be too young to be of service to them, and was therefore suffered to remain at home in peace and quietude. Their schemes and plans, however, were not concealed from him, and he had free access to all of their deliberations and meetings.

It was during one of those meetings of the "bloody scout," that he became cognizant of a deep laid scheme, to surprise and capture a company of "liberty men," under the command of Captain Thomas Farrow, of Laurens District. No sooner had he heard of all their arrangements than he mounted a fleet horse, and put off post haste to inform the Whigs of their danger and contemplated destruction. Captain Farrow immediately determined to take advantage of the timely warning, and surprise the Tories that night. This he did successfully, and thereby turned the scales against the "bloody scout," to the terror and confusion of their friends in the neighborhood. This traitorous act of young Montjoy became known to the Tories, and they threatened his death on sight. In consequence of their threats, and the high displeasure of his parents and relations, he had to leave home forever, and take up his abode in the American camp. He became, in a very short time, one of the most active, enterprising, and daring partisans of whom the Whigs could boast. He was always selected to reconnoitre and spy out the movements of the Tories. In one of these adventures, near his father's house, he met a company of the Tories, under a noted leader by the name of Gray. With the speed of an arrow he dashed by Gray, fired his pistol in his face, and made his escape in safety.

For some time, during the latter part of the revolution, young Montjoy belonged to an American garrison on the frontiers of Georgia. On one occasion, whilst there, he volunteered to go with a small detachment in pursuit of some Indians who had been stealing horses in the neighborhood. The detachment was under the command of a lieutenant, who did not exercise that precaution which is absolutely necessary for safety in a pursuit of Indians. The detachment were surprised, and all killed except Montjoy and one other. Montjoy did not leave the ground until he had fired his rifle and two pistols, and seen all of his comrades, save one, fall by his side. He escaped unhurt; but had several balls to pass through his coat and pantaloons.

On another occasion, whilst in the same garrison, the Indians became so troublesome that it was dangerous to venture out at all. It was at the hazard of one's life to go to the creek or branch within sight of the fort. There was an old lady in the garrison who had a horse about this time which she could get no one to ride to water for her. After making application to several, she asked Montjoy if he would be so obliging as to risk his life in riding her horse to water. Without any hesitation, Jordon complied with the old lady's request, took his pistols, mounted her horse, and rode to the creek. Whilst the horse was drinking, he discovered an Indian slipping from the bushes on the bank nearest the fort, and before he could wheel, the savage had his bridle reins in his grasp. With the quickness of thought Jordon drew his pistol and lodged the contents of it in the bosom of his assailant. Such boldness and presence of mind, such perfect command of him-

self, under circumstances so well calculated to try the nerve of a lad, acquired for him, very deservedly, a high character among his associates in arms.

Many other incidents similar to the above might be related, it is said, of this youthful hero of the revolution. He is yet living in Spartanburgh District, but very infirm from the exposure and sufferings of the revolution, which have brought on premature weakness of body and mind.

From the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

FOURTH OF JULY.

We learn that one of the most delightful celebrations which are remembered of the return of our national birth-day, was an impromptu one got up on board the steamer Little Rock, which arrived on Sunday from Mobile. Finding, in consequence of a heavy fog which delayed the boat on Friday evening, that it would be impossible to reach Montgomery in season to partake of the festivities there, George Whitman, Esq., proprietor of the boat, suggested that even under the discouragements, the day ought not to pass unnoticed, and finding how cordially his proposal was seconded he immediately gave testimony of his earnestness, by producing various cases of Champagne. The commander of the boat, Captain Jenks, equally enthusiastic in the good cause, made a halt at the first convenient landing place, where the passengers and boat's company supplied themselves with boughs and flowers and vines in great profusion, with which they adorned the upper deck, which was cleared for the occasion. The supporters, the ceilings, and the end, being tastefully entwined and arrayed with the mistletoe, the magnolia, the cotton, and corn plant and palmetto. D. Vandyck Smith, Esq., of Baltimore, an artist of celebrity, and Col. G. E. Chase, of Pensacola, had in the mean time suddenly prepared a beautiful device, upon a piece of linen about six feet square, which was placed so as to form a most strikingly appropriate decoration for a rostrum erected for the orator and the poet of the day. The company then named Dr. A. St. Clair Tennille, of Saundersville, Ga., to read the Declaration of Independence; Dr. W. Byrd Powell, the eminent phrenologist, to pronounce the oration, and John Howard Payne, to deliver the ode; and all these appointments being instantly accepted, at 12 o'clock all the guns and pistols which were to be found on board, were fired, the steamboat bell was rung for a quarter of an hour, and the ladies escorted from their cabins to seats, and the orators to their places. Nothing could exceed the exciting beauty of the *coup d'œil* on board the boat and the requisite picturesqueness of the wild river scenery through which she was read with grace and effect, and the oration of Dr. Powell was original and impressive. The oration was warmly applauded, and the exercises closed with the following ode, composed by Mr. John Howard Payne, and spoken by himself:

When erst our sires their sails unfurl'd
To brave the trackless sea;
Heaven pointed to the western world—
Pointed, and said—"Be Free!"
They saw their homes recede afar—
The snow-white cliffs diverge—
And Liberty their guiding star,
They plough'd the swelling surge.

No splendid hope their wand'rings cheer'd,
No lust of wealth beguill'd—
They left the towers by plenty rear'd
To seek the desert wild;
The climes where proud luxuriance shone
Exchang'd for forests drear;
The splendor of a tyrant's throne
For honest freedom here!

Though hungry wolves the nightly prowl
Around their log-huts took;
Though savages with hideous howl
Their wild-wood shelter shook;
Though tomahawks around them glared;
To fear, could such hearts yield?
No! God, for whom they danger dar'd,
In danger—was their shield.

When giant power with blood-stain'd crest
Here shook his gory lance,

And dar'd the warrior's of the west
Embattled, to advance;
Our young Columbia sprang—alone—
In Heaven her only trust—
And humbled with a sling and stone
This monster to the dust!

Shall we the sons of valliant sires
Such glories basely stain?
Shall these rich vales, these splendid fires
E'er brook oppression's reign?
No! If the despot's iron hand,
Must here a sceptre wave,
Raz'd be those glories from the land,
And be the land—OUR GRAVE!

From the Journal of Commerce.

CLOCK TIME RECENTLY ADOPTED IN THE NAUTICAL AND OTHER ALMANACS, EXPLAINED.

The writer of the following communication is well known, having long prepared the callendars for the various Almanacs in the different parts of the country.

The earth revolves upon her axis uniformly; turning any meridian from a given star to the same again, in 23 hours, 56 minutes and about 4 seconds. But by reason of the earth's annual revolution round the sun, the sun is caused apparently to perform an annual revolution eastwardly in the heavens. It is therefore evident that the earth must turn on her axis, as much more than once, quite round, as she advances daily in her orbit, in order to bring the same meridian under the sun again. The orbit or path in which the earth performs her annual revolution is eccentric or elliptical, and therefore her velocity is not uniform; besides, the direction of her path is oblique in respect to the equator. Both these circumstances render the sun's apparent motion in right ascension variable. The mean daily motion of the earth in her orbit, or apparently of the sun in the heavens is about 59 minutes of a degree, which converted, makes 3 minutes and 56 seconds of time, and thus completes 24 hours, which is the average length of apparent solar days. But the sun's apparent daily motion in right ascension varies from 54 minutes of a degree to nearly 67 minutes. Hence apparent days are sometimes shorter, and at other times longer than the mean or average length, and hours and minutes of apparent time vary in like proportion. About the 22d or 23d of December the apparent day contains 24 h. 0 m. 30 s. of mean or equal average time, while about the middle of September an apparent day contains no more than 23 h. 59 m. 39 s. of the like time. Thus there is a difference of 51 seconds of absolute time between the longest and shortest apparent day; notwithstanding that with regard to the fixed stars, or to absolute space, the earth's diurnal motion is uniform. Permit me here to borrow an idea from the preface to the Nautical Almanac of 1835.

"Astronomers," says the writer, "with a view of obtaining a convenient and uniform measure of time, have recourse to the mean solar day, the length of which is equal to the mean or average of all the apparent solar days in the year. An imaginary sun, called the mean sun, is conceived to move uniformly in the equator with the real sun's mean motion in right ascension; and the interval between the departure of any meridian from the mean sun and its succeeding return to it, is the mean solar day. Clocks and chronometers are adjusted to mean solar time; so that a complete revolution, (through 24 hours) of the hour hand of one of these machines should be performed in exactly the same interval as the revolution of the earth on its axis, with respect to the mean sun.

"Clock time, therefore, is called equal time, because its days or hours are of the same length: it is also called mean time, because the days or hours are equal to the mean or average of those of apparent time. The difference between apparent time and equal or clock time, called the equation of time, has been given in the almanacs for many years past, for the express purpose of setting and regulating time keepers; but in the use of clock-time almanacs, the labour of applying the equation is obviated."

The difference between the parts of the day as divided by the clock at noon, appears not to be well understood by some persons in various parts of our country. In giving a definition of the word *day* for the purpose of the present explanation, let it be understood

to signify the interval of time that the sun's centre is above the horizon, in contradistinction to that interval during which it is below the horizon, which is called night. The southing of the sun's centre then divides the day into two equal parts. The clock noon does the same four days in the year, when the equation of time vanishes. But on all other days the clock noon divides the day into two unequal parts; and it is obvious, that the difference between the day, as divided by the mean or clock noon, must always be equal to the double of the equation of time. About the 12th of February, the equation arises to 14 m. 33 s., and on the 2d of November it reaches 16 m. 16 s. making the difference between the parts of the day 29 minutes in the former instance, and 32 m. 32 s. in the latter.

DAVID YOUNG.

Newark, N. J. 1835.

THE PORTLAND AND QUEBEC RAILROAD.—In the N. H. Pataiot we find a letter from Col. Long, who has been employed in making an examination of the route for a railroad from Portland to Quebec, addressed to the Hon. Isaac Hill, in which he states some very interesting facts relative to this route. From these facts it appears that the route, although by no means impracticable, presents obstacles of a serious character, and more formidable probably than were anticipated by the friends of the enterprise. Col. Long left Portland on the 6th of July accompanied by Charles Fox, Esq. agent for the City of Portland, and proceeded northwardly about 77 miles, to Andover, the most remote settlement on the route. The ground thus far is mostly favorable. Here they entered the wilderness, and proceeding in the same direction, found an ascent to be encountered, of about 500 feet in a distance of six miles. They there entered the lake country, which they approached without making any descent. The residue of the route is thus described.

"We first struck upon Lake Allagundebagog, then upon Lake Molechunkamaunk, both of which are on the same level or very nearly so. Having crossed these lakes, we passed a very flat ridge dividing between the lake last mentioned, and Mooselamaguntic Lake, the latter being elevated about 30 feet above the former.—We proceeded thence into Lake Cupmetuc, on the same level, and ascended thence in the valley and vicinity of the Cupmetuc stream, to the summit dividing between the waters of the Atlantic and those that fall into the St. Lawrence. In the ascent of this stream, an elevation at least 500 feet is to be overcome, which may be effected at a gradation no where exceeding one degree. Having reached the summit, on which we crossed the boundary line dividing between the United States and Lower Canada, we soon struck the Arnold river, which rises in the same swampy tract that gives birth to the Cupmetuc stream, the distance from water to water not exceeding half a mile, and commenced our descent in the valley of the river, just mentioned, viz. Arnold's river, and travelled downward 16 miles to Lake Megantic, the descent for a distance of ten miles being such as to require a gradation of one degree.—We then proceeded downward along the Lake and in the valley of Chaudiere river, 60 miles, to the upper settlements on the river last mentioned, the declivity after leaving the lake, being on an average of about 10 feet per mile. Through the entire distance from Lake Allagundebagog, to the upper settlements on the Chaudiere, we had to grope our way through a trackless wilderness, encountering thickets, swamps, wind-falls, &c. the distance being about 120 miles. We then proceeded down the Chaudiere 66 miles, in view of one of the most beautiful countries I ever beheld, to this city, the entire distance from Portland to Quebec, by the route pursued, being about 275 miles which is some 8 or 10 miles shorter than the nearest travelled road. The elevation of the main summit above tide, agreeably to the best observations I have been able to make without the aid of instruments, is 15 to 1700 feet."

ANECDOTE.—Major S*****, who figured very conspicuously as a cool, collected, and a brave officer, in the late war with the Sacs and Foxes, was engaged in many of those daring exploits which are so common to the hardy sons of the frontier; and which were they more known, would place the actors high on the 'roll of fame.' Near to the close of that ill-fated struggle of the Indians, he walked out from his camp, as usual,

in the morning, accompanied by a 'fellow in arms.'—Having advanced some distance from the camp they suddenly came in view of three Indians. They quickly, drew their rifles to a level with their opponents, and the unerring aim and the keen eyes of the western hunters caused two of the three 'sons of nature' to kiss their mother earth. Major S., dropping his rifle, but grasping his knife, made chase for the remaining Indian, who fired his rifle without effect.—The Major's companion tarried until he could effect the scalping of the two Indians whom they had killed. But a short space of ground was got over before the active Major had gripped with his red foe, and unfortunately lost his knife before he had time to use it.—Each had the other by the throat; and though a knife hung from the belt of the Indian, neither dared loose his hold to get it. The Indian, observing the approach of the Major's companion, made a desperate effort to floor his adversary, but his active opponent parried the trip and threw him. Still neither could use the knife, for the Indian locked himself so close with the Major, that he buried his teeth in him as they were falling.—At this moment the Major's companion came up with his two scalps.

"Tom," says the major, "have you got a knife?"
"Yes."
"Then cut this red devil's throat."
"Oh, no, major," says Tom, "give the fellow fair play—some chance for his life."
"You d—d rascal," was the angry reply, "cut his throat quickly. Don't you see he is biting me?"
"Well, major, bite him too. Two to one aint fair. But if he masters you, I'll give him a round afterwards."

"You infernal villain, if you don't cut his throat in one minute, I'll cut yours."
But it was not until these threats were repeated over and over again, that Tom would consent to do this act for his commander, which he finally did with a very sullen air, as if it was a great piece of imposition to his enemy. He very leisurely drew his knife across the Indian's throat, and as leisurely wiped it, and consigned it to its proper place, muttering all the while against his officer, who no doubt carried him through a regular course of drilling afterwards, and impressed upon his mind the necessity of quickly obeying an order.

U. S. SHIP PEACOCK, AT SEA, June 2, 1835, }
Lat. 8° 30' South Long. 33° 40' West. }

DEAR SIR: We have just passed over or rather through the rainy region of the tropics, on our way to the capital of Brazil; and I assure you the showers have not been few, nor very light which burst over us. Previous to sailing from New York, most of the officers, taken by the plausible puffs of "India Rubber cloth," made into various fashions to protect the person from water, supplied themselves with coats, capes, caps, boots and shoes; and one went so far as to supply himself with an air-mattress of the same material, which no doubt would have been very useful, had it not been so curious as to excite the wonder of a young negro from Virginia, who, puzzled to divine what the soft substance was, with which it was stuffed, solved the difficulty, and at the same time got himself into a dilemma by making an incision therein with a penknife. I may remark *en passant*, that, however comfortable a bag of air may be to repose upon in a cool climate, it is by no means an eligible bed near the equator, for air is, what the philosophers call a non-conductor of coloric, and the free heat of this region is sufficient to liberate an odor of turpentine used, I presume, in the preparation of the cloth.

The garments were lauded for being impenetrable to water; the India Rubber was placed between two pieces of thin cloth, either worsted or cotton, and bags made of it, were filled with water and to be seen hung up in the stores for vending the article, and affording ocular demonstrations that they did not let water out; and, as "it is a bad rule that wont work both ways," the inference was very plain that it would not let water in. But on trial the argument has been set aside; the India Rubber garments afford little, or no protection from rain; at least those we purchased do not, and our supplies are from two stores in New York; I state this that the parties may not say one to the other, "you deceive your customers."

It would amuse you to hear replies made by the officers, when they come below, after a rainy watch,

enveloped in folds of India Rubber, some of them bearing no very great unlikeness to the pictures of Don Quixotte, seen in the quarto edition of "the adventures" of that valorous knight.

"How stands the India Rubber?"

"Oh! I wish the rascal were here, who sold it to me! I am up to my knees in water, it runs in, but "it wont run out," and the caps leak through every seam, the jacket is not worth a groat. I go for a regular tarpaulin and a monkey jacket."

Thinking that you will not hesitate to inform our brother officers, through the medium of your paper, which is extensively read by them, how we have been mistaken in the qualities of India Rubber cloth, and thus save them useless expense, I have volunteered to write to you for my messmates and shipmates, under the persuasion, you will take the proper steps in the case; and oblige your old friend.

SIMPLE.

P. S. One of my messmates, distinguished for his benevolence, suggests that, "perhaps we have been cheated in the article." That is the fact.

FOLGER'S FLOATING DRY DOCK.—A most ingenious and truly successful invention has been exhibited in Wall street, during the last two or three days. It is the model of a dry or floating dock, with a falling gate at one extremity, which is intended to be placed in front of a vessel, sunk to a sufficient depth to float her on board, when the gate is shut, the vessel stayed, the water pumped out by engines, and she left high and dry in the cradle for the action of the carpenter or whoever else is to be employed upon her. When the vessel is ready again to be consigned to her native element, two small gates are opened at the base of each side of the cradle, the vessel floated, the main gate let down, and the cradle taken from under her, when the work is completed. The invention is perhaps one of the most useful ever discovered for the easy and speedy repair of vessels, as it does not require, as the fixed docks do, the aid of tides, and will, no doubt, be extensively used in every portion of the Union, and indeed throughout the Globe.—*New York Times.*

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE,

District of Portland and Falmouth, }
Portland, August 24, 1835. }

A BUOY having been placed on ALDEN'S ROCK, off the LIGHT HOUSES at CAPE ELIZABETH, directions were given to take the soundings about it, and the bearings of different objects, that the danger of the rocks might be avoided. The following is the report upon that subject:

PORTLAND, August 24, 1835.

SIR: In obedience to your directions of the 17th instant, I proceeded to the buoy, which had been previously anchored at low water, in seven fathoms, near Alden's Ledge, and made the following observations:

Hussey's Sound bears from the buoy, north, about eight and one-half miles distant.

Northern light-house, on Cape Elizabeth, N. W. by W. 1-4 W.

Southern light-house, on the same, N. W. by W. 1-2 W., distant 3 miles.

The Barn on Richmond's Island west, distant 4 1-2 miles.

Portland light-house N. N. W. 1-4 W., distant 6 1-4 miles.

Wood Island light-house S. W. by W. 1-4 W., distant 13 miles.

The most dangerous part of this ledge are two rocks, bearing from each other E. S. E. and W. N. W. The distance between these rocks is 420 feet.

The Western Rock is about 12 feet in diameter, and has 5 1-2 feet on it at low water. The Eastern Rock is about 30 feet diameter, and has but 7 1-2 feet at low water. Between these rocks are 3, 4, and 5 fathoms. The Western Rock bears from the buoy S. by W., distant 240 feet. The Eastern Rock bears S. E. 1-2 S., distant 520 feet. At the distance of 600 feet from the Eastern Rock, on the southeast, east, and northeast sides, are 4, 5, and 6 fathoms water. At the distance of 300 feet from the Western Rock, on the southwest, west, and northwest sides, there are 6, 7, and 8 fathoms.

SAILING DIRECTIONS.

Vessels bound to Portland, falling in to the westward, and making Wood Island Light, must bring it to

bear S. W. by W. 1-4 W., and steer N. E. by E. 1-4 E. 13 miles, which will bring them up with the buoy on Alden's Ledge.

Should they fall in to the eastward, and make Seguin Light, they must bring it to bear E. by N. 1-4 N., and run W. by S. 1-4 S. 9 leagues, which will bring them up with the buoy.

In passing the buoy to the east, give it a birth of one quarter of a mile. If to the west, you may near it to within a cable's length.

In running for Portland harbor, bring the buoy to bear S. S. E., and steer N. N. W. 6 1-4 miles, which will bring you up with Portland light. Continue this course until you are a half a mile within the light-house, then bring it to bear south, and steer N. by W. for House Island, which is 2 miles N. by W. from Portland light. Should you wish to proceed farther up the harbor, follow the directions given in the Coast Pilot.

The course from the buoy to Hussey's Sound is north. Vessels falling in with Cape Elizabeth, and wishing to make a harbor, in a strong N. W. wind, must observe the following directions:—Give the Cape a birth of one quarter of a mile, and steer N. E. nine miles, leaving the Green Islands on the starboard hand, which will carry you up with the southwest point of Crotch Island. Give this point a birth of half a mile, and steer N. E. 1-2 E., which will carry you between Hope Island on the north, and Crotch Island on the south.—You may anchor midway between these two islands, in about 13 fathoms water. The shores on each side are very bold.

The above mentioned buoy is a Spar, painted red, about 20 feet above the surface of the water, with a Staff about 12 feet in length, to which is attached a Red flag, which can be seen from six to seven miles.

There are also two Watch Buoys, within 15 or 20 feet of the principal buoy.

N. B.—Vessels of a large draught will find the best water by bringing Portland light to bear N. W. by N., and running direct for it.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

GREEN WALDEN,

1st Lt. U. S. Revenue Service.

To Gen. JOHN CHANDLER, Collector.

This being a place of so much danger, printers of newspapers will render essential service to Mariners, by giving the report several insertions in their respective papers. JOHN CHANDLER, Collector and Superintendent of Light-Houses in Maine.

A traveller, who publishes the incidents of his tour along the Des Moines river, the banks of which he traversed for about 200 miles, gives the following notice of his visit to the lodge of the celebrated Black Hawk.

"During our tour up the Des Moines, we met with many of the Sac and Fox Indians. We visited Black Hawk at his lodge; he appears to have retired with his family, and has but little intercourse with the other Indians. Our guide acted as interpreter, on this as on other occasions, as he spoke both the Sac and Fox languages, having, as he said, formerly been employed by the American Fur Company in transacting business with the Indians. On entering the lodge we were invited by Black Hawk to take seats on some mats and skins spread on the ground. He told us, through our interpreter, what were the causes of the late war between him and the whites, and something about his travels, when a prisoner, through the United States. When we gave indications of our intention to start, he most urgently insisted on our staying to eat with him, to which we readily consented. The food that was served up for our dinner in wooden bowls, was all boiled together in a kettle, consisting of grains of corn, beans, venison, beef, pork, and I thought bear meat, till it was thick and black, and gave evidence at the same time that the management in the culinary department had been none of the cleanest. But we did not stand upon trifles, and eat heartily, it being then about 2 o'clock, and we had eaten nothing that day before.—From Black Hawk's we passed down through a part of the Indians' land, between the Mississippi and Des Moines, to a village called Keokuck, after the principal chief of the Sac and Fox tribes, whom we saw there. He is a man of fine size and appearance, and seems to possess a great mind. The village of Keokuck is the most dissipated, dissolute place that I ever saw."

THE SAILOR'S MAGAZINE AND JOURNAL.—Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society, in monthly numbers. Vol. VII. Ending August, 1835.

We have before spoken of the objects and operations of the American Seamen's Friend Society. The "Sailor's Magazine" is a monthly periodical issued by this Society, and edited by its Corresponding Secretary, the Rev. Jonathan Greenleaf, designed for circulation among seamen, and all the friends of their cause. It is conducted with ability; and the volume just completed contains much matter, both original and selected, well worthy of an attentive perusal and careful preservation. The contents of the monthly parts of the work are usually arranged under the heads of "communications and selections," among which will be found much information concerning the interests of Sailors;—the "Naval Journal," containing news and statements particularly valuable to Seamen; the "Cabin Boy's Locker," composed of short tales and other light articles respecting life at sea;—and the "Sailor's Magazine," under which may be found the latest news with regard to the doings of the society both in this country and Europe, and affairs generally. On the cover is contained a list of the institutions for seamen in the United States, Register Offices, Schools, Savings Banks, Mariners' Churches, and good Sailor boarding houses. The whole, taken together, forms a work well worthy of the patronage of a liberal and Christian community; and as it is furnished at the trifling cost of \$1 50 a year, it is within the reach of every one to become a subscriber. Office No. 82, Nassau street, New York—and subscriptions will be taken at the Sunday School Depository, corner of Fulton and Hick streets, Brooklyn.—*Brooklyn Evening Advertiser.*

ARMS OF THE UNITED STATES.—Although the study of heraldry may not be very amusing to our republican readers, yet, as the eagle with extended wings, grasping the arms of war and the olive of peace, is constantly presented to our eyes in some way or other, it may not be uninteresting to give a history and an explanation of the arms of our country.

In June, 1782, when Congress was about to form an armorial device for a seal for the Union, Charles Thompson, Esq. then Secretary, with the Hon. Dr. Arthur Lee, and E. Boudinot, members of Congress, called on Mr. William Barton and consulted him on the subject. The great seal, for which Mr. Barton furnished these gentlemen with devices, was adopted by Congress on the 26th of June, 1782. The device is as follows:

ARMS.—Paleways of thirteen pieces, argent, gules, a chief azure: the escutcheon on the breast of the American Eagle, displayed proper, holding in his dexter talon an olive branch, and in his sinister a bunch of thirteen arrows, all proper; and in his beak a scroll, with the motto, "E Pluribus Unum."

THE BREAST.—Over the head of the Eagle, which appears above the escutcheon, a glory, or breaking through a cloud proper, and surrounding stars, (as many as there are States) forming a constellation, argent, on an azure field.

REVERSE.—A pyramid, unfinished. In the zenith, an eye in a triangle, surmounted with a glory; over the eye, these words: "Amient Coeptis."

REMARKS AND EXPLANATIONS.—The escutcheon is composed of the chief and pale, the two most honorable ordinances; the thirteen pieces pale represent the several States in the Union, all joined in one solid compact, entire, supporting a chief which unites the whole, and represents Congress. The motto alludes to the Union, ("one of many.") The pales in the arms are kept closely united by the chief, and the chief depends on that Union—and the strength resulting from it for its support, to denote the confederacy of the States, and the preservation of the Union through Congress.

The colors of the pales are those used in the flag of the United States of America. White, signifies purity and innocence; red, hardness and valor; and blue, the color of the chief, signifies vigilance, perseverance and justice (the attributes of Congress.) The olive branch and arrows denote the power of peace and war, which is exclusively vested in Congress.

The Crest, or constellation, denotes a new State taking its place and rank among other foreign powers.

The Escutcheon, borne on the breast of an American Eagle, without any other supporters, denotes that

the United States ought to rely on their own virtue and strength, and not on the baseness or weakness of an enemy.

The Pyramid, on the reverse, signifies strength and devotion. Its unfinished state refers to the infancy of the American government.

The Eye over it, and the motto, *Amient Coeptis*, "He sanctions our endeavors," allude to the many signal interpositions of Providence in favor of the American cause.

NOTE.—In heraldry, argent, signifies white; gules, red, and azure, blue. When these colors cannot be emblazoned, (painted in colors) they are represented on shields, &c., as follows: Argent, by a perfect blank; red, by perpendicular, and azure, by horizontal lines. The chief, in our arms, on the horizontal lines in the upper quarter of the escutcheon, or eagle's breast.—*St. Louis Commercial Bulletin.*

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 17.—His Ex'y, Gen. Black Hawk, Commander-in-chief of the combined forces of the discontented Saucks, Foxes and Winnebagoes in the last border war, with his aid-du-cong, the Winnebago Prophet and suite, reached this city on Friday last. The old veteran seems to have enjoyed uninterrupted good health since his northern tour, but his occasional despondency evinces a lurking desire to live again the free, romantic life of excitement he was wont to live before becoming a prisoner of war. The object of the General's visit is, to make some arrangement with the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, touching the occupancy by the whites, of the reservation of Indian lands lying on the west bank of the Mississippi, north of the Missouri State line. This, with a wish to see and be seen, are his inducements for leaving home. His visitors have been numerous since his arrival in the city, and he only regrets that his stay in town will not allow him the pleasure of returning all of them.—*Comm'r Bulletin.*

A CAUTION.—A sailor named Anderson, who had just arrived from sea, and had been paid his wages, amounting to \$165, putting \$100 in his pocket, and \$65 in his hat, and went into a sailor boarding house in Water street, New York, one afternoon, where he became stupidly drunk and fell asleep. When he awoke he found himself minus the \$65 which he had deposited in his hat—the money in his pocket having escaped the hand of the ravager. As there was a woman sewing in the apartment, he had her arrested on suspicion of having perpetrated the robbery; but as there was not a particle of evidence against her, and as several others had been in the room whilst he had been asleep, the suspected woman was discharged, and poor Anderson had to pocket his loss, and make the most of the lesson it might teach him—if he will learn.

SAILING OF OLD IRONSIDES, AND FORTUNATE ESCAPE.—On Tuesday afternoon, a large number of officers, and men, among them five or six lieutenants, belonging to the frigate, went down in the steamboat Hercules to embark. On approaching the ship, near the quarantine, the steamboat stopped, and a small boat was sent from the frigate—the officers and men immediately jumped into the boat with their luggage, when the boat took a sheer under the guard of the steamboat, filled, and immediately upset. Great alarm prevailed on board of the steamboat and frigate for the safety of those who were struggling with a strong current and a high sea. Boats were sent from the ship, and benches, oars, &c., were thrown over, and every effort made to rescue the men. After much exertion they were all picked up and reached the frigate in safety, but with the loss of most of the baggage.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

Reward of Merit.—Before Mrs. Wood and the lady passengers left the ship George Washington, on Tuesday morning, they made up a purse amounting to about \$200, which they presented to the crew, as a token of their admiration at the good conduct and fine discipline of the sailors during the voyage. In consequence of this liberal action, the crew mustered, *en masse*, upon the fore-castle, while the ladies were in the act of leaving the splendid vessel that had bravely borne them in safety over the billows, and gave them several rounds of hearty and almost deafening cheers that made the welkin ring.—*N. Y. Transcript.*

"PRIZE ESSAY."—The Boylston committee of Harvard University have awarded the premium of fifty dollars, or a gold medal of that value, (says the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal,) to Usher Parsons, M. D., of Providence, R. I., for the best Treatise on Cancer. We understand this is the fourth time the premium has been awarded to this same gentleman."

The same paper announces that Dr. Parsons has recently received two invitations to professorships in medical colleges in the west, which he has declined, and which is a source of gratulation to the citizens of Providence, which has been his residence for some years.

Dr. Parsons was formerly in the navy, and surgeon of the *Laurence*, (Perry's flag ship,) in the battle on Lake Erie.—*Providence and Pawtucket Advertiser*.

Captain Hathaway, of ship *Saratoga*, from New Orleans, left at S. W. Pass, the United States cutter *Ingham*, Captain Jones, on the eve of sailing for the coast of Mexico, in pursuit of the notorious Thompson, commander of the Mexican schooner *Corea*,—proof having been adduced that said Thompson is impressing, and exacting from each American \$300 for their release. The late Lieutenant Commandant of the Mexican schooner *Montezuma*, who ran his vessel on shore at the Brassos after firing into the *Ingham*, has been sent to Vera Cruz for trial.—*N. Y. Daily Advertiser*.

We understand that, in the late arrangement of the misunderstanding at the navy yard, between the mechanics and the commandant, the shipwrights were not included, as the latter, amounting to more than 20 persons, had declined to return to their work unless their wages were placed on the same footing as the shipwrights at Gosport, and the other navy yards of the United States.—*Washington Mirror*.

Scientific Expedition.—The schooner *Flight*, Captain Hallett, was to leave Boston on Monday, for the British Provinces, via Lubec, with a party of twenty scientific gentlemen, members of the Society of Natural History at Williamstown, viz: Professors Hopkins and Emons, Messrs. Calhoun, Tatlock, Cheney, Mather, Kidder, Wright, Mack, Arnold, Fessenden, Davis, Jones, Tappan, two Crawfords, and three Nobles.

DELAWARE BREAKWATER.—We understand that orders have been received by the United States' officers at this place, to commence sending stone to this work at once. The contract for sending the stone, we understand, is with the Messrs. Liepers.—*Chester Democrat*.

WHALING.—The extent and importance of the whaling business of this country, says the *Newport Mercury*, may be inferred from the fact, that during five months of the present year, 64 American whale ships touched at St. Helena. These vessels had on board 94,885 barrels of oil, 576,000 lbs. of bone.

U. S. SHIP *VANDALIA*, August 14th, 1835.

John Hobb, seaman, fell from the foretop-sail yard of this ship, this afternoon, and was instantly killed. The deceased was about 23 years of age, a native of Baltimore, and was previous to his joining this ship a branch pilot out of that port and for the river Potomac. He bore an excellent character, and was much esteemed by all his shipmates, his remains were decently interred at this place.

The Baltimore papers will confer a favor by copying the above.

INFORMATION WANTED.

If JAIROS LOOMIS, formerly a sailing master in the U. S. Navy, be living, he is requested to furnish his address to the Editor of the Army and Navy Chronicle, Washington city.

Should this notice meet the eye of any person who knows what has become of Mr. Loomis, he will confer a favor by giving the desired information, as above.

Sailing Master Loomis commanded the U. S. sloop *Eagle*, at the time of her capture on Lake Champlain, 3d June, 1813, and was afterwards an acting lieutenant in the squadron under Commodore Macdonough. Aug. 13—tf

Foreign Miscellany.

One of our American citizens has been astonishing the Grand Sultan and the whole city of Constantinople, by the construction and launching of an immense ship of war. The enterprise of our countrymen finds no obstacle to its operations, be the field of actions as remote as it may from the place of their birth.

A TURKISH LAUNCH.

Extract of a letter to the Editor of the *Globe*, dated CONSTANTINOPLE, May 19, 1835.

Messrs. EDITORS: I have just returned from witnessing the launch of the two decked 74, built by the naval constructor of his Highness the Sultan, Mr. F. Rhodes, an American. She is indeed a magnificent ship, being the largest in the world, and for symmetry and beauty, unequalled by any other.

Although by the 11th she was ready for launching, His Highness, on consulting the Imperial Astrologers, deemed it proper to delay the ceremony until the eighteenth. A state tent was erected near the hulk, richly ornamented, for the Sultan, and another for the Grand Vizier, the Ser Asker, and other high officers of State. To our Chargé de Affairs, Com. Porter, was sent, direct from his highness, a special invitation, expressed in the most flattering words. The Capudan Pacha placed two steamers and His Highness' yacht (American built) off the Arsenal, for the accommodation of his family, and of the Americans in Constantinople. Some of the other foreign Ministers requested and obtained permission to witness the pageant, bringing with them the gentlemen of their Legation, and some their families. Guard boats, belonging to the vessels of the Arsenal, formed a line round the intended passage of the ship. Hundreds of *kaiks*, filled with people of both sexes, from among the different nations in this city, absolutely filled every inch of space allotted them in the harbor, and the shores for a great distance were covered with spectators. The harem of His Highness was accommodated in an opposite house in the Fanæ, he, himself, having previously examined and prepared it for their comfort, (so much for Turkish barbarism!) and near it the families of all the different Ministers of State.

At a little before meridian, His Highness came down the stream in his twenty oared barge; was received by the Grand Vizier, the Ser Asker, the Imperial Son-in-law, the Capudan Pacha, and the Cheib Islam, and conducted to his tent under a military salute of music and presentation of arms.

The shores were now commenced being knocked away—every eye was intently fixed upon the ship, and excepting the noise made by those at work, a dead silence prevailed. Another and another support fell—a moment, and the saw was applied to the sliding launching ways, and the immense structure glided smoothly and butifully into the Golden Horn, amid ten thousand cheers, the decking of the fleet in flags, the glad sound of military music, and the deafening roar of artillery. Descending deep into the water—almost even with the cabin windows—she nobly rose again, and ploughed high the waves on each side of her.

All the foreigners present were extravagant in their encomiums on the talent of the constructor, and indeed I feel assured there was not an American present but felt proud of him, and of being able to call him a countryman. Some who were nearer His Highness than myself, remarked his surprise and admiration when the immense hulk moved off so suddenly into the water, and at her first movement, he rushed, with outstretched arms, to stop her. Immediately after all was "hauled taught," he called Mr. R. and asked the Capudan Pacha to place upon his breast a *Nichase Iftihæ*, or declaration of glory. The Capudan Pacha presented him with a Cashmere shawl, and the Ser Asker offered him the present of a horse and a house.

A. S.

* This is the first vessel of any great size launched in this manner in Turkey. The Turkish mode is to haul them off gradually—a work of several weeks, and the cause of most Turkish vessels being "broken backed."

From the *New York American*.

ROYAL REWARD.—By the annexed documents, addressed to this office, and which we translate, it will be seen, that the King of the French, offers one hun-

dred thousand francs, about twenty thousand dollars, as an inducement to seek, and restore to their country, the officers and crew of the French vessel of war *La Lilloise*, employed on a voyage of discovery, on the coasts of Iceland and Greenland.

Our ships, we believe, have little or no communication with those shores, and therefore it is not probable that through American navigation, the lost will be found, if they ever should be found. Nevertheless, we give publicity to the documents in question:

[Translation.]

PARIS, June 18, 1835.

Cabinet of the Minister of the Interior.—Bureau of special attribution.

MR. EDITOR:—Permit me to ask of your indulgence, the publication at an early day, of the annexed report, addressed by Admiral Duperré, Minister of Marine, to H. M., the King of the French, relative to the brig *Lilloise*.

You will, I hope, appreciate the importance we attach to giving publicity to this document, and comply with the request here made.

Accept my thanks for so doing, and be pleased, on occasion, to dispose without reserve of my services.

I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

CHAS. MEVIL, Chief of Bureau.

PARIS, June 17, 1835.

[Report to the King.]

SIRE:—The King is apprised that since August, 1833, no news of any sort has been received of the *Lilloise*, which, under the command of M. de Bloiseville, lieutenant commanding, (*lieutenant de Vaisseau*) was employed on a mission to the coasts of Iceland and Greenland.

In order to add to the means hitherto adopted to obtain intelligence of this vessel and her crew, your Majesty having expressed the purpose of interesting the mariners of France, and of foreign nations, that frequent those regions, I have the honor to propose for your decision—

1st. That a sum of one hundred thousand francs be allowed to any French or foreign mariner, who shall bring back to their country, the whole, or any parts of the officers and crew of the *Lilloise*.

Communications.

ARMY AND NAVY PAY.

It would appear, Mr. Editor, from the remarks of "Aristides" in your Army and Navy Chronicle, upon this subject, that there is a great disparity of pay between the two services. We agree with him in this respect: but, taking into consideration the nature of the duties performed by each—difference in promotion, &c.,—we are decidedly of an opinion that this disparity favors the Army. "Aristides" is of the contrary opinion; and appears to think that, in order to do justice to the claims of the Army, that the pay of the latter should be placed in juxta position with the former, and the difference now existing between the relative ranks of each, pointed out. Here we are again at issue. But, as I have not time to examine sufficiently into the merits of the case, I will add, that if to do justice to the Army it is necessary that the pay of the Navy should be *harped* upon another session, it is to be hoped that not only the pay, but that the general duties—nature of service—manner of promoting, &c.,—in each, will be maturely considered; that while justice is done to one, injustice may not be done to the other. For, in relation to promotion, it should be borne in mind that we now have lieutenants in the navy who entered it in 1809, (twenty-six years ago,) were lieutenants during the last war, and have since become gray in the service, waiting for promotion. Compare the prospects of the young officers of the present day with the above, and hope almost changes to despair; for, in those days, they were generally promoted from a midshipman to a lieutenant after having been in the service from three to five years. Alas! what a change. A midshipman is now obliged to see five years' service, and, generally, sees six, before he is allowed an examination; after which, should he be fortunate enough to pass, (which is far from being a matter of course,) he has to remain *fixé* about six years longer before he is promoted to a lieutenant; making twelve years' service: add to this the twenty-six years that our old

lieutenants have served in one grade, and we have thirty-eight years' hard service for the young officers of the rising generation to go through, before they become masters commandant; making a *long life* a prerequisite to obtaining any thing like honorable distinction in the profession; and the mere thought of which is enough to kill the ambition of any aspiring young officer.

"Aristides," however, only makes a comparison of dollars and cents, and that between the pay of the lieutenants of the navy and lieutenant colonels of the army, putting that of the former, when commanding, at \$1,896 per annum, instead of which it is \$1,889; not commanding, or on other duty, \$1,500; on leave of absence, or waiting orders, \$1,200; on furlough, \$600.

And to convince "Aristides" that the above, as I have stated it, is the whole yearly pay, compensation, or allowance, that can be received by a lieutenant in the navy under any consideration whatever, excepting for travelling expences, when under orders, I will refer him to an act of the last Congress, (No. 15, Sec. 2,) which is very explicit.

In contradistinction to which, (taking for my authority "*Nous Verrons*," whom "Aristides" "doubts not is perfectly acquainted with the subject,") I find that the pay of a lieutenant colonel in the army (every thing included) varies from \$2,088 per an., to \$2,845, depending, I presume, principally upon the duty they are performing; this is the pay (if any) that should be compared to that of our lieutenants when on duty, instead of \$1,800 per annum, which, according to the statement of "Aristides," they sometimes receive.

In conclusion, allowing that the pay of a captain in the army is \$1,068 per annum, the difference between this and the furlough pay of a lieutenant in the navy, is \$168 per annum in favor of the captain, instead of \$132 per annum in favor of the lieutenant, as the writer would make us believe.

FALCONER.

FORT GIBSON.

CAMP GOOSH-KE-HAWN, M. T.,

August, 1835.

MR. EDITOR:—I observed in your paper, a few days since, some remarks respecting the position of Fort Gibson, and the state of the quarters there.

It seems to be forgotten that these matters were brought before Congress at the session before the last, and that quite an animated discussion was the consequence. Efforts were made to remove the post, both to the east and west, but they failed, and the sanction of Congress was thus given to its present location.

An estimate was submitted by the Quartermaster General for the necessary funds to rebuild the quarters, under the conviction that this measure was necessary. But these funds were refused, and only \$5,000 allowed for repairs. This I believe has been expended.

As to the duty at Fort Gibson, it is no doubt heavy. But this is probably the result of extraordinary circumstances, and will probably cease as soon as the expected amicable arrangements are made with the Indians. It is what all our posts on the Indian frontier are exposed to. And it is probable few troops have recently, in our country, suffered more privation than those engaged in the Black Hawk war, three years ago. The troops in the Floridas, among the Seminoles, also at that time, have their share of hard duty.

As to the change of the regiment, it is a matter for the proper authorities. As it involves considerable expense, I suppose there is a reluctance to doing it, unless circumstances are imperative, and perhaps until the necessary estimates are submitted to Congress. It is obviously proper, that the disadvantages, as well as the advantages of the service, should be equalized as near as may be, due regard being had to other circumstances.

It, however, seems remarkable that the troops at Fort Gibson are alone uncomfortably quartered, especially too, when it is taken into consideration that the officers complain that the regiment has been stationed at that post for fourteen years. It is to be presumed that the regiment has a due supply of tools and implements; and why then has it not used the means at its disposal to quarter itself more comfortably. Each regiment has had to do so under the same circumstances, and not a complaint was ever heard from any one of

them, particularly in the public prints. It is certainly desirable that all the troops should be well quartered, and there is no doubt that with the aid of a suitable appropriation from Congress, and with a little industry and less grumbling, the 7th regiment may be eventually placed on as eligible a footing as any other regiment in the service. The old officers seldom allow themselves to be caught grumbling, and so we will attribute the many communications concerning the bloody seventh, to the veterans of West Point, who have hardly, as yet, done more than joined the regiment; as I believe there is not at this time more than three officers there who have been stationed at Fort Gibson more than two years.

Yours, respectfully,
BLOWHARD.

ARMY.

RESIGNATIONS.

Second Lieut. D. B. Harris, 1st artillery, to take effect 31st Aug. 1835.

Second Lieutenant N. B. Buford, 3d artillery, to take effect 31st Dec. 1835.

First Lieut. W. Martin, 4th infantry, to take effect 31st Dec. 1835.

Second Lieut. Moses Scott, 5th infantry, to take effect 31st Aug. 1835.

The period for the resignation of First Lieutenant John Farley, of the 1st artillery, to take effect, has been extended to 29th Feb. 1836.

The clothing store at New York has been discontinued, and the appointment of C. L. Little, as Military Storekeeper, revoked from 31st Aug.

The following officers have been assigned to duty at the Military Academy, West Point.

Second Lieut. R. P. Smith, 2d artillery.

First Lieut. R. Anderson, 3d artillery.

Bvt. 2d Lieut. H. L. Kendrick, 2d infantry.

Lieut. R. R. Mudge, of the 3d artillery, is relieved from duty at the Military Academy at West Point, and ordered to join his company.

By direction of the Secretary of War, Lieut. John F. Lane, of the 4th artillery, is assigned to duty in the Quarter Master General's Department.

Second Lieut. B. Poole, of the 3d artillery, now on topographical duty, is ordered to report in person to 1st Lieut. E. S. Sibley, of the 1st artillery, on engineer duty at Detroit.

Brevet Major J. S. McIntosh, 4th infantry, ordered 1st Sept. to join his company at Fort Mitchell.

Brevet Second Lieut. J. W. McCrabb, 4th infantry, relieved from topographical duty, 1st Sept., and ordered to join his company at Fort Mitchell.

Fifty-two recruits left New York on the 16th Aug. under the command of Lieut. W. H. Emory, of the 4th artillery, for Hancock Barracks.

Col. S. H. Long, of the United States Topographical Engineers, and his assistants, Lieuts. W. B. Burnett, C. A. Fuller, and S. G. Simmons, arrived on the 26th Aug. at Concord, N. H. where the party will be temporarily stationed.

NAVY.

The Delaware 74, Com. Patterson, left Naples on the 30th July with the American Consul at Tripoli and family, who were landed at Tripoli on the 30th July; and the Delaware left Tripoli on the 4th, and was at Malta on the 8th, waiting the arrival of the John Adams.

The American squadron left Naples previous to the 30th of June, with 80,000 ducats. The annual instalment of the indemnity which, conformably to the last Convention, the Crown of Naples has to pay to the United States, for the confiscation of merchandise by Murat, according to the decrees of Berlin and Milan.

The U. S. schooner Grampus was off the bar of the Mississippi on the 18th August, on her cruise through the gulf of Mexico. The New Orleans papers express the hope that she may give a good account of the Mexican armed vessel Montezuma, which has been taking liberties with our commerce in that quarter.

From the Pensacola Gazette, August 15.

The U. S. schooner Grampus, Lieut. commanding Ritchie, sailed on a cruise to the westward, the 9th inst. The following list of officers attached, has been politely furnished us:

Robt. Ritchie, Lieutenant commanding.
John Cassin, Lieutenant.
Wm. E. Hunt, do.
Sterret Ramsey, Purser.
Geo. W. Evans, Assistant Surgeon.
John M. Gardner, Acting Master.
Charles S. Ridgely, Passed Midshipman.
John G. Anthony, Midshipman.
E. A. Drake, do.
Montgomery Hunt, Jr. do.
Erwin J. Leedom, Captain's Clerk.

LETTERS ADVERTISED.

Washington Sept. 1, 1835.

ARMY.	NAVY.
Col. S. Burbank.	J. F. Borden, 3
	Mid. G. R. Carroll,
	Lt. F. Forrest,
Marine Corps.	Lt. J. D. Ferris,
Lt. F. B. McNeill.	P. Mid. H. N. Harrison,
	Benjamin Hunter, 2
	Dr. W. Plumstead,
	Purser N. Wilson.

ARRIVALS AT WASHINGTON.

August 27.—Lieut. W. F. Hopkins, 4th artillery, left for West Point.

28.—Bt. Maj. R. L. Baker, Ordnance, on his return from duty along the New England seaboard, and on his return to Allegheny Arsenal.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL, &c.

ON ACCOUNT OF THE ARMY AND NAVY CHRONICLE.

[From the 19th to the 31st August, inclusive.]

P. Mid. O. H. Perry, Navy, 19 Aug. 1836,	\$3.00
Lucius Pearl, New York, 26 " "	3.00
Lt. L. Sitgreaves, Army, " " "	2.50
T. R. Sitgreaves, Easton, Pa. " " "	2.50
Lt. J. Freeman, Army, 31st Dec. " "	5.00

\$16.00

MARRIAGES.

In Limestone county, Alabama, on the 5th ult. Mr. HICKMAN LEWIS, of Huntsville, to Miss VIRGINIA, daughter of Col. WILLIAM LINDSAY, of the U. S. army.
In Alexandria, on the 25th ult. JOHN WADDELL, Esq. of Louisiana, to Miss LUCIA CHAUNCEY PORTER, daughter of the late Capt. JOHN PORTER, of the U. S. navy.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, on the ult. JOHN C. SPENCER, M. D. Assistant Surgeon U. S. navy, to Miss SUSAN STERETT, daughter of Major WILLIAM BARE.

DEATHS.

On the 12th ult. at Hay Lands, the residence of George Hancock, Esq. near Louisville, Ky. after a protracted illness of some months, Mrs. HENRIETTA P. consort of A. SIDNEY JOHNSTON, late of the U. S. army.

On the 20th, after a protracted illness, CHARLES ROBINSON, aged 78 years. The deceased embarked early in life in the cause of his country—was an officer in the Maryland line under Capt. Wm. Hyde, and was one of that Spartan band who, early in the Revolution, after having been refused arms by the then Governor Eddes, broke open the armory at Annapolis, Md. and took therefrom the necessary arms, &c. He also signalized himself at the battle of the White Plains and Brandywine, and was engaged many years previous to his death as an officer of the Customs of Baltimore. Kind and affectioned in his domestic relations, scrupulous and exact in his dealings with his fellow men, he attained a ripe age, and had left this state of probation in hope of a happy eternity.

At Edenton, N. C. on the 18th inst. at the house of Lieut. John Manning, of the U. S. navy, Mrs. FRANCES LOUISA MANNING, aged 19 years. Mrs. M. was the youngest daughter of the late John E. Holt, Esq. Mayor of Norfolk borough, and the wife of Lieut. DAVID A. MANNING, a meritorious young officer of the U. S. army, who died at Key West on the 21st of July last, and the mournful intelligence of whose death proved fatal to this young and lovely woman, whose life was wrapped up in his, and could not survive it.

In Boston, Mr. EDWARD HOWARD, a revolutionary pensioner, aged 88.

In Pittsburgh, HENRY BAKER, only son of Lt. Col. DANIEL BAKER, U. S. army, aged 27.

In Providence, Capt. TURPIN SMITH, aged 85—the last but one of the company of volunteers who captured and destroyed the Gaspee British sloop of war in Narragansett Bay, at the commencement of the revolutionary war, and was on board of the American squadron at the capture of the Jamaica fleet.